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Armed Forces Salute

One of the Nation's outstanding tributes to America's armed forces is due in Torrance Saturday as the city celebrates Armed Forces Day with a huge military parade, a display of modern military equipment, and a visit by Under Secretary of the Navy Paul B. Fay Jr.

Few cities in America and certainly none in the Far West can boast of a celebration equal to that promised for Torrance as it marks the salute to servicemen of all branches of military duty.

In addition to the familiar rumbling of tanks, the cadence of uniformed marchers, and the blare of military and student bands, some of the nation's most exotic space hardware will be shown during the day-long celebration.

Topping off the displays will be the huge Titan missile which will be set up behind the city hall on Torrance Boulevard, giving most Torrance area residents their first chance to see one of the mighty missiles which have been making news in recent years.

Saturday's celebration promises to be something special, and something we can recommend heartily to Southland residents.

Plant yourself on the parade line for the 10:30 a.m. event, and then go visit the military display behind the city hall. It should be impressive—and reassuring.



ROYCE BRIER

Soviet Production Data Leads to Speculations

It has been some months since Premier Khrushchev told his folks the Soviet Union would overtake the United States in industrial production by 1970.

In the interim he has encountered continuing difficulties in agriculture, which is closely linked with industrial production, and his industrial quotas in several lines, though not all, have faced moderate setbacks comparable to ours in the recent recession.

Soviet economists, who are always government-inspired, have been saying for about two years that Soviet production is roughly 60 per cent that of the United States. There have been re-

markable gains in Soviet steel and oil production in recent years, but little or no gains in textiles, petrochemicals and processed foodstuffs (such as pork, which requires a high corn production).

Now comes a 700-page, 8-year study called "The Growth of Industrial Production in the Soviet Union," by Prof. G. W. Nutter, University of Virginia, and staff, under a Rockefeller Foundation grant.

Prof. Nutter says Russian production in 1913 was about 14 per cent that of the United States, fell below 10 per cent in 1928, and by 1955 had risen to roughly 24 per cent. Prof. Nutter is willing

to concede this last figure is controversial, saying some Western economists put Soviet production at 33 per cent in 1955.

There must also be an adjustment for the period between 1955 and the rate of production in 1962, a considerable growth. But it is hardly conceivable that the Soviet rate of production of the United States has almost doubled in seven years.

By Prof. Nutter's calculations, even if it is assumed Soviet production will increase its rate of growth in some measure over that of recent years, it will not reach United States production until 1985.

But, he says, should the United States increase its rate of growth, Soviet parity would be indefinitely postponed. This assumption bars a major American depression, which does not at the same time affect production in the Soviet sphere. The professor says industrial output in 1960 and 1961 was disappointing from the Soviet viewpoint.

Periodically Soviet political figures with the help of economists announce new overall production gains, but as periodically crop up political accusations against producers that in some lines gains are not showing, or quotas are not being filled. It has so far been impossible for Western economists to reconcile these plus and minus factors.

Contract Awarded

Hi Shear Corp. of Torrance has been awarded a \$33,596 contract for mechanical components to be used in the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's space vehicle development programs.

When I Call You That—



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Flying Machines Haven't Got All of Us in the Air

Through the highly articulate and highly venerated Miss Sylvia Porter, the lady prophetess of the ticker tapes and Sibyl of growth portfolios, the Nation's air lines have come up with a heart-wrenching bleak and dolorous statistics to show that only 14 per cent of the American traveling public has ever heard of an airplane as an agency of personal transport and that a staggering 86 per cent of Americans when they want to go somewhere steer away from airports as they would from a snakepit and

take to the highways, the sea lanes or, of all things, the steam cars.

This is not, as the cynical may possibly argue, the pitch of a newspaper paragrapher who is widely advertised to esteem air travel as a devising of the undertakers' union and regards an airport as most folk feel about a leproarium. This is not mot qui vous parie, an ancient on the walls of Troy who still takes three days to cross the continent and has never yet seen a jet-liner overhead but that he regards as outrageous tyranny the Federal enactment which makes it a crime to shoot them down.

This is on the word of Sylvia Porter, the embodiment of modern progressive business chaos and advocate of speed and discomfort at any price that can be purchased, including the possibility of a messy end in a disintegrated cement mixer in company with a lot of people she doesn't know socially. The air carrier's 86 per cent of resolute non-flyers is a lament couched in the identical measure as the Dead March from "Saul." It is purely and absolutely statistical.

To this repulsive old reactionary it is an extraordinarily heartening affirmation that Americans have not yet all been brainwashed by the disaster of the Twentieth Century or fallen victim to the contrived mendacities of Madison Avenue in the cause of spurious and demonstrably meaningless "progress." I think the circumstance that only 14 per cent of all living Americans have ever been close enough to the Wright Brothers' folly to vomit into a plastic container, which has always seemed to me the perfect symbol of air transport, is the most heartening augury for the continued sanity of the Republic since the repeal of prohibition.

Parenthetically, this statistic places in a very peculiar light the defeatist railroad executives who flatly predicted their downgrading of passenger service only a few years back to the incontestable "fact" that "by 1961 all continental travel in the United States will be by air. The jets will have taken it all." Well, the jets and their allied variations on air propulsion have managed to acquire in the thirty years of their ascendancy only a scant 14 per cent of the patronage of the most notoriously mobile and travel-conscious people of the world, those with almost limitless financial resources and leisure to travel.

The other 86 per cent may

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Elderly Worker to Face Problems in Retirement

WASHINGTON, D.C. — In about eight months my subject of this interview will be forced to retire. He'll be only a month past 65. His wife will be 59, three years short of collecting her Social Security.

This not untypical American worked hard since he was 14 — worked himself through college without the benefit of government hand-outs, and saved as much as he could while raising four children.

He has a paid-up insurance policy of \$10,000 to his wife. Company retirement, plus Social Security, will amount to \$240 a month. He has \$2,500 in U.S. Savings bonds . . . \$800 cash in the bank . . . and a clear house worth about \$15,000.

This solid American, born and raised in a generation of rugged individualism in the American tradition, is in trouble. His life savings are not adequate to keep him and his wife in the present bungalow after retirement. "We have to give up our garden and our memories," he confided to me.

His present salary is \$9,400 a year. He worked it up from \$2,100 thirty-five years ago. Taxes and upkeep on his house have been increased to \$740 a year. Living expenses, income taxes, etc. are running almost up to his salary. His problem is to cut down from his present monthly salary of \$783 to the \$240 a month.

If he continues his present standard of living, all his savings will be spent in two years. He is tired and weary of work. It will be difficult to supplement his income. He must withdraw from his Masonic lodge and Rotary club. His wife must resign from the woman's club and bridge club to cut expenses to the bone . . . "in order to have money to visit the children and grandchildren in Illinois," he tells me.

If this man cannot save money on his present \$185 a week, he cannot possibly live on the \$55 a week of his pension and Social Security.

This man actually did not take home \$185 a week . . . but more like \$130 a week after income taxes. That \$50 a week difference paid in income taxes (not to mention other hidden taxes) deprived him of adequate old-age security.

Some of this man's hard-earned dollars, and others' dollars, totaling over \$90 billion, went abroad for foreign aid and are still going abroad at a \$4.5 billion annual clip. It is no consolation for him to be told that billions were wisely or unwisely spent to help friend and foe alike — especially Tito, Nehru, Nasser, and Castro.

This American can weather the storm for a few years in his present flower garden, if his hide can be toughened to what the neighbors will be saying when he and his wife "drop out of things." If not, he will have to move elsewhere, where people will not know his come-down.

If he stays on in his present neighborhood and tries to live on his retirement income, he will have to pull in and pull in hard. He and his wife will become increasingly isolated as they cut the cloth to size — a very narrow and light size, indeed.

A lot of things are responsible for the dilemma millions of Americans are facing in retirement. Two expensive wars took their toll. Communism and Khrushchev have taken and are taking theirs. These two items are understandable. Blood and billions had to be sacrificed.

But anything beyond that has been draining the lifeblood of the republic. The discriminating taxes upon rich and poor — taking over 90 per cent of a wealthy man's income in taxes; taking thousands of old-age security dollars from the inheritance of a widow; government-caused inflation reducing the purchasing power of the pension dollar; more and more indiscriminate welfare-state spending . . . unbalanced budgets — all of these have hurt people in retirement, more than those who are younger and continue to receive inflated dollars.

Like our subject, the golden years of retirement will not be golden for millions . . . but a frustrating period of anxiety and concern in the twilight of life brought upon them through no fault of their own.

The indiscriminate non-defense spending of federal and local governments, promoting socialistic schemes and the delusion of "something for nothing," security from the cradle to the grave," encouraging the loafers with unemployment checks, supporting chronic unwed mothers with the hard-earned dollars of decent citizens, violating the traditional American princi-

ple of "working hard for your daily bread," offering educational free rides in government scholarships instead of the privilege of each student to work his own way through college.

All of these and other giveaways not only are destroying the moral fibre of our people, but are making it impossible for a hard-working American to save enough for the golden years of retirement, by imposing back-break income taxes, real estate taxes, excise taxes . . . plus inflation that reduces the purchasing power of the retirement dollar.

Hoppe in Wonderland

It's a Matter Of Manners

Art Hoppe

Mrs. Jackie Kennedy has, as you know, a younger sister named Princess Stanislaus Radziwill. And all the fashion critics now are saying snidely that Princess Stanislaus is better dressed than Mrs. Kennedy and doesn't have such big feet. But Mrs. Kennedy is taking this very well. I guess because her sister is, after all, only a Princess.

Personally, I think it's terribly bad manners to talk about Mrs. Kennedy's big feet. I know all about manners because I've just read an article in the Ladies Home Journal called "A Conversation on Manners."

It's by Princess Stanislaus, herself. And she says you shouldn't talk about personal problems. Like big feet, I guess. She says "so much happens these days" that a gracious hostess can always find something else stimulating for her guests to talk about. Besides big feet. "One can begin with the latest world crisis," says the Princess. Of course, she says, if one wishes to be a gracious hostess, one must also learn to stop one's guests from hitting each other over the head with one's chairs — "perhaps by offering to refill glasses, or by suggesting a move into another room."

Strangely, I've run into this very problem myself. I'd go to parties and the Gracious Hostess would tap her glass with a teaspoon and say: "Let us begin with the latest world crisis."

I'd throw myself into the spirit of the thing and say moodily: "In less than ten years the human race is going to blow itself up."

"May I refill your glass?" Gracious Hostess would inquire anxiously.

And there'd always be some Nut present who didn't think the human race was going to blow itself up in ten years. Imagine! So, being an expert on megatons, roentgens and radioactive cobalt, I'd really put him in his place.

"Shall we adjourn to the living room?" Gracious Hostess would ask, nervously pouring everybody another brandy.

Then we'd go into the living room and I'd tell this Nut a thing or two about how Red China would get The Bomb . . . ("Shall we move into the den?" Gracious Hostess would say.) Or how some Leader was accidentally going to push The Button . . . ("My, let's sit out in the patio for a while, shall we?") Or how some Nut sooner or later . . . ("Wouldn't everybody like to see our new rumpus room?")

By midnight, we'd usually wind up in the bathroom off the second floor back bedroom. Thoroughly swacked. With Gracious Hostess in tears.

But I took pardonable pride in being terribly well-mannered and discussing nothing but the world crisis. Which certainly isn't personal. And my only problem was I didn't get invited to dinner parties any more.

So I discussed this personal problem with myself and decided to become an expert on some other subject. Now, when Gracious Hostess says, "Let's begin with the latest world crisis," I reply eagerly: "Did you know Mrs. Kennedy wears Size 10 shoes?"

I find this is the kind of crisis people can really identify with. You know, it's more personal than the end of the world. So if one wishes to become popular, I've discovered, one must give up good manners.

Today, as an expert on big feet, I'm welcome at dinner parties everywhere. Everywhere from the lowest hovel all the way up to The Wh . . . Well, almost everywhere.

Morning Report:

That atom blast from a submarine in the Pacific was a great military success. But language-wise it was a dud.

One observer told reporters the shot landed "right in the rain barrel" and another allowed as how it hit "right in the pickle barrel." Is that good or bad? Barrels, for rainwater or pickles, are obsolete. The average American wouldn't recognize a rain barrel if he was standing in one.

I suggest Navy observers get as up to date as, say, Polarix missiles. And start dropping them in patios, swimming pools, or even plastic bird baths.

Abe Mellinkoff

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"You're complaining about trying to make it on \$150 a week . . . think of me, trying to make it on a quarter!"